

Owen & Moore. Druggists and Booksellers

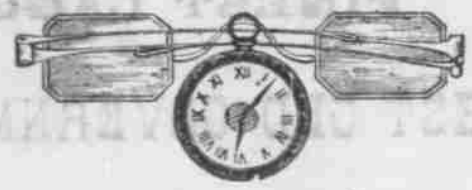
Clarksville, Tenn.

Constantly on hand a full supply of

School Books, Pure Drugs,
Miscellaneous Books, Patent Medicines,
Sunday School Books, Dye-Stuffs, Paints,
Writing Paper, Oils, Varnishes, Teas,
Envelopes, Pens, Spices, Perfumery,
Pencils, Slates, Inks, Toilet Articles,
Copy Books, Cigars,
Blank Books, and Tobacco,
And everything pertaining to Office Stationery, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes.

Our Entire Stock is Fresh.
CALL AND EXAMINE.

L. GAUCHAT,
57 Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tenn.



Has just received a large variety of

French & American Clocks,

Which he is selling at lowest prices.

Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods in the most perfect manner. All work warranted.
Nov. 22, 1879-4

S. B. STEWART,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines,
Paints, Oils, Toilet Articles,

Stationery, School Books, Etc.

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Clarksville, Tenn.

I cordially invite my friends and former patrons to come and examine my stock and prices.
August 10, 1879-4

1852. 1879.

NEW GOODS

BLOCH BROS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

Nos. 11 and 13 Franklin Street.

Clarksville, - - - Tennessee.

Would inform the public that they are daily receiving new goods, adapted for Christmas presents such as Ladies' Embroidered Sets, Silk Handkerchiefs, Cloaks, Dolmans, etc., at popular prices.

Our stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, etc., is very large and inviting.

In Boots and Shoes we are prepared to show an elegant assortment.

Our assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, etc., cannot be surpassed.

In addition to this we would say that goods have advanced very considerably since we made our purchases, and those wishing to avail themselves of old prices, had better come at once before the supply is exhausted.

Respectfully,

BLOCH BROS.

Dec. 20, 1879.



W. H. Tandy,
(Late of New Providence)
DRUGGIST,

And Dealer in Patent Medicines,

Franklin Street, (Opp. Mrs. Rosenfield's), - - - Clarksville, Tenn.

A full line of Drugs, Paints, Oils, Glass, etc., and Staple and Fancy Stationery, Notions, etc., always in stock.

Fine Cigars and Tobacco a Specialty,

Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes. Prescriptions accurately and carefully compounded at all hours by W. W. SMITH, Dispensary.

Nov. 1, 1879-4

W. H. TANDY.

DRUGS AND PAINTS

TOILET ARTICLES,

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Tobacco, Cigars and Liquors,

AT

G. N. BYERS

BY WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

All kinds of LEGAL BLANKS printed and kept for sale at this office.

A BIG BOOM

In the interest of the wearer of

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,
Notions, etc.

The very best goods, the very nicest fits, the very latest styles, and the very lowest prices, all to be found at

V. L. WILLIAMS,
the Shoe man, No. 25 Franklin St.,
Clarksville, Tenn.

Put us to the Test and Prove What We Say. Will show our goods with pleasure whether you buy or not. When you come to town make our store your stopping place. Leave with us your saddle-bags, carpet-bags, riding-skirts, &c. Come and be welcome. Very truly your friend,
V. L. WILLIAMS.

Keesee & Northington

Have for the Christmas trade

New Crop N. O. Sugar & Molasses.

Fine London Layer Raisins,
Figs, Citrons, Peas, Almonds,
Cream Nuts, Fancy Candies,
Best Brands Canned Fruits and Vegetables,
Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Almon's Mince Meat,
Oatmeal, Cracked Wheat,
Buckwheat Flour, Graham Flour,

FINEST TEAS AND COFFEE,

FINE WHISKIES, Seven Years Old,

Fine Brandy, Sherry, Port, and Catawba Wines.

CHRISTMAS!

GO TO THE

TRADE PALACE.

Great Attractions

FOR
Christmas and New Year!

Prices of Goods as Low as Ever,

And No Advance.

I respectfully call the attention of all CLOSE CASH BUYERS to my immense stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpets,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

NOTIONS, GENTS' FURNISHING, GOODS, ETC.,

Which I propose to sell as cheap as ever, and ask no advance on any goods, although they have advanced over 20 per cent. in the last few weeks. I believe I have the advantage of a good many other merchants, as I bought very heavy before the big rise in goods, consequently will and can sell cheaper than a great many others. I have in stock now 1,000 yards of Brown Cottons; 2,000 yards of Bleached Cotton; 1,000 yards of Brown and Bleached Drilling; 1,000 yards Sea Island Cotton; 500 pieces of Choice Prints; 100 pieces of Jeans, also a fine and large assortment in all kinds of Dress Goods, with Trimmings to match. A large stock of Ladies' Cloaks, which will be sold regardless of cost. You will also find in my store, the largest stock of

BLOCH BROS.

READYMADE CLOTHING!

In the city, consisting of 200 suits for men; 100 suits for youths; 50 suits for boys, and 300 Overcoats for men, youths and boys, which must be sold to close out. A very large stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, and a great many articles too numerous to mention. I have the best assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hosiery in the city, and ladies have often expressed themselves, that Lieber's is the place to buy Hosiery. My stock of

Silk Handkerchiefs and Ladies' Neck-Ties

Must be seen to be appreciated. They were all bought before the big rise in goods, and are now on exhibition for the approaching holidays. I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to call and examine my stock of goods, before buying elsewhere, and I am satisfied that I will sell goods cheaper than any other house in the city.

Enameled, Blankets, and all heavy goods marked down, and will be sold cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere to-day.

My motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits," and I will not be under sold by anybody. It is therefore to everybody's interest to come to me for a little money. I buy cheap goods, good goods and lots of goods for a little money.

Thanking my friends and customers for their very liberal patronage in the past, and hoping a continuance of the same in the future, and wishing all, rich and poor, old and young, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am

Respectfully,

Philip Lieber.

dec 20-4

BLANK BOOKS

of every description made at the

Chronicle Book Bindery.

Tobacco Contracts Neatly Printed

and Bound at this Office,

Franklin Bank,

FRANKLIN STREET,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

STOCKHOLDERS.

Virgil A. Garnett, Stephen Pettus
Mrs. T. P. Pettus, H. J. Wilder,
J. M. Anderson, W. H. Green,
A. F. Darnall, D. Kinnaman,
W. T. McElroy, Geo. Shadon, C. G. Joseph.

P. C. HAMBAUGH, President.

R. D. MURPHY, Vice-President.

W. S. POINTEVEAU, Cashier.

Prompt Attention to Collections.

Nov. 24, 1879-4

Carrier's Address.

Far down in the gray, lonely meadow,

Where the tangled grasses grow,

There's a hidden book,

That forever doth sing and flow.

Fresh mosses creep over the margin,

As if craving a dewy kiss,

And the waters cry,

Leap up in joy,

And give the expected bliss.

The root of the flag tall and stately,

Is drinking the moisture deep;

While the nodding reed;

In color dressed,

Is rocking itself to sleep.

A murky sky hanging over

A world of oppression and night,

When across the sky

Did a messenger fly,

With tidings of a bright light,

Just as the burdened people,

Came the exultant light of the press,

And did constrain

Superstition's reign,

And made their way free.

With the motto that "right makes might,"

This triumphal flower blooms on,

And glitters away,

With each century's dew,

Above all creed and bond.

Aye the press, as a tower of strength,

Shall be known as the pride of the land,

And a column raise

For the love and praise

Of Columbia's ambitious band.

And a column of fluted shafts,

All carved by builders bold—

By toil bought,

And in beauty wrought,

Throughout all time will hold.

And now the humble carrier

Of this costly flower of time,

Of the passing year,

In this short, but kindly rhyme.

A CLARKSVILLE GIRL IN THE NORTH.

Christmas Chimes and New Year

For a month New York has been in holiday attire. One night the wand of an enchanter touched lightly her lovely spires and towers, and the rising sunbeams fell in golden splendor upon the glittering transformation. The great streets were filled with fabrics rich and rare and lace dainty enough for Queen Titania. Upon beds of crimson, silver, gold, blue velvet lay diamonds, rubies and pearls. Great cases lined with cream and pink satin held fairy gems and quaint Egyptian bijoux. In Tiffany's the sparks of a thousand fires seemed concentrated and glowing in the diamond eyes of crested serpents, whose supple bodies quivered at the slightest touch. Here a golden bird held in its tiny bill a twig frosted with snowy pearls; there an emerald butterfly fluttered with wide-spreading wings over a dewy flower. On a raised Japanese screen lay rich laces of great crimson-hearted rubies, round which clustered tiny diamonds. An antique service in solid gold, with cups, urns and vases carved in raised figures, stood upon a dais of black velvet; another of silver, with blue velvet and silver, rested upon a sky-tinted satin stand. Plate glass cases held rings in every conceivable design and setting, and jeweled sprays for hair and corsage caught and held the glittering sun-rays. A gleam of snowy marble showed at intervals down the long, wide vista formed of these glistening rainbows, and from a tower of living green raved out the fair, face of some olden goddess, so lifelike and human, its pale, open mouth could scarcely believe it cold, dead marble. A bronze urn of good wood next a white-faced Enovid; Apollo, with golden lyre upraised, entreated again a witching wood-nymph; a tearful Niobe, with lovely, drooping head, was outlined against a sapphire background, and lastly an aphrodite Venus peeped from a frame-work of scarlet blossoms and laughing vines over all the rest of light of a morning sun, made misty and dim by the many screens and windows through which it had to pass ere its entry.

Outside, the streets were filled with busy pleasure-seekers and those on Christmas presents but the women in rich and beautiful garments, and their escorts equally well dressed. In every street a long and Thirteenth street blocked up with carriages, cars and stages. For one to stand and look up or down either of these streets was marvelous. Here was a haughty old lady in a rustling black satin trimmed with a wide band of fur and soft lace in the neck and sleeves; next her an Italian rag-picker; then a dainty, high-bred belle in velvet and silk, and following just behind, a Spanish flower girl, entreating in soft, musical tones, a buyer; next would come a couple of Broadway swells in tall silk hats, long ostrichs and the inevitable canes; then a fresh-faced Irish woman, leading perhaps a child or two, and after her a Wall street broker. At intervals would suddenly appear the almost-shaped eyes and long nose of a Chinaman in the old dress of his country, and then the thick lips and dusky face of a negro. The sea of heads was occasionally broken by the blue eyes and golden hair of a German, or the olive-skinned, red-lipped Jew. In fact, it seemed as if every nation under the sun had its representatives in the city.

The weather was bright and balmy until within a week of the holidays, when a sudden and sharp snow-storm occurred over-night and put an end to sunny skies. Then for the chiming of bells! What lovely cutters dashed up and down! Some swan-shaped, some oval and others square—just large enough for two. A "nobby duck" and "his girl" would dash by like the wind, with maybe a scarlet sleigh filled with soft robes in bright colors and

a pair of spirited horses with silver harness and a musical chime of tiny bells. A girl may expect to be damped over, too, for when a convenient snowbank appears, her "fellow" is certain to drive (in the most innocent possible way) up to it, and the result is—what may be expected. Of course his regrets are profound and deep; then the wicked fellow is laughing all the time.

Another amusement they have here strikes an outsider as being quite unique. 'Tis this: During the good sleighing season the young men all hire little sleds just as the children use for sliding down-hill, and a lot of them will go out at night, get their girls and take them to a hillside where there is a long slide. He will sit on the front to steer and she will sit behind. Then, at a given word, down they go with a great rush and shout, and, just as they get to the bottom, he gives the sled a sudden turn with the rope and leaves her rolling over in the snow, for him to have the pleasure of picking up. They think it fine fun, you may know.

A day or so before Christmas a rain fell and made it horrible underfoot, but, in spite of rain or snow, the streets were black with people. On Broadway one dare not cross without a policeman; and a block-ade on all the streets from the ferries lasted all day. The shops were gayer than ever, the crowds more dense. All the "fashionables" of New York were out; carriage after carriage swept up in grand style, with liveried footman and outrider, to Stewart's, Lord & Taylor's and Wray's.

For the last named place, I shall make the grandest display of toys and children's goods in the city. On Fourteenth street were three large windows filled up for the amusement and delight of the little ones. The one nearest Sixth Avenue was an imitation of the Grand Opera House, simply perfect in its way, with the private boxes, lace and satin curtains complete. On the large stage was the scene from Pinocchio, in which Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., sings "I am the monarch of the sea." His costume was exquisite, of black velvet and lace, his cocked hat in his hand. Dear little Buttercup stood near him, then Josephine in light blue satin, Ralph and all the little sailors close in, in naval uniform, with the magical letters H. M. S. in their caps. A lovely ship was "Her Majesty's Ship Pinocchio," and the little faces grew bright and eager as they caught sight of the monarch and his "dear little dolly Buttercup." The next window represented Gulliver in bondage in "Lilliputia." He is stretched at full length on the ground, while the little people are binding him with top ropes hand and foot. A wide blue sea stretches far in the background, and upon its heaving bosom are many fairy ships and sailing vessels. Lastly is the interior of a fashionable church, in which is a christening scene. The tiny babe, in long lace robes, is held by a French nurse in her national costume; the parents, friends and relatives stand near dressed superbly, and the minister, in white robe, holds the cup of water in his hand. 'Twas really a wonderful sight.

Take the Yankees, though, for ingenuity. Hundreds of people gathered around the great windows, and passers-by had to go out into the street to get along, and were thus endangered by the passing cars. O, the rush and the whirl and turmoil of the great city during the holidays was indescribable. The most beautiful and ingenious things were temptingly displayed to induce buyers. Fruit and flower vendors stood in every place in the rain and snow, with their beautiful baskets filled to overflowing, and beseeching a purchaser. Toy merchants passed to and fro untriflingly, and the noble army of street beggars and drummers found Broadway a little heaven for their petitions. On Christmas eve every place was brilliantly illuminated, and wreaths of holly, ivy and box hung in every window. The New Yorkers themselves say that they have never seen a more brilliant holiday season. In fact, some agree that this was the grandest display ever made here. Pleasure, mirth and gaiety ruled the past week; but yesterday was the great day here—New Year's Day. The ladies all receive their gentlemen friends. The long, elegant parlors are darkened, the gas lighted, flowers are wreathed in every street. A long and Thirteenth street blocked up with carriages, cars and stages. For one to stand and look up or down either of these streets was marvelous. Here was a haughty old lady in a rustling black satin trimmed with a wide band of fur and soft lace in the neck and sleeves; next her an Italian rag-picker; then a dainty, high-bred belle in velvet and silk, and following just behind, a Spanish flower girl, entreating in soft, musical tones, a buyer; next would come a couple of Broadway swells in tall silk hats, long ostrichs and the inevitable canes; then a fresh-faced Irish woman, leading perhaps a child or two, and after her a Wall street broker. At intervals would suddenly appear the almost-shaped eyes and long nose of a Chinaman in the old dress of his country, and then the thick lips and dusky face of a negro. The sea of heads was occasionally broken by the blue eyes and golden hair of a German, or the olive-skinned, red-lipped Jew. In fact, it seemed as if every nation under the sun had its representatives in the city.

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The day following New Year's Day is Ladies' Day, and the girls go out in full force to see each other. On the last night of the old year a good many people sit up to welcome in the new year, and the bells are rung, guns fired and whistles blown. At the stroke of twelve, clear and low came the chimes from old Trinity's steeple, now high, now low, in lovely broken notes; then a great bell sounded startlingly on the quiet night, and following it in quick, clear peals bell after bell, until it seemed as if a Pandemonium was let loose. A moon, broad and bright, lay in molten glory upon the unbroken snow-drifts; the sky was a luminous pearl, inlaid with silvery stars. A light, sweet wind blew in pure draughts to our faces, and across the grand old river came the bells of the city. They rang out the old year with its joys and sorrows, the ring in the new with its unknown cares, but upon the bosom of a zephyr it came in joy and beautiful hope. A greeting of peace and good-will to all has borne, and a future in which good deeds may be done, the burdens lifted from weary hearts, and across the shadows of life the light of kind, true words thrown. A long, last farewell to the old year, we have entered upon the new.

THE LEAP-YEAR PARTY.
MR. EDITOR: As all are anticipating a glowing account from your pen of the recent leap-year party, I send you some observations made by a "wally" who was present. I introduced in your article, I shall feel somewhat repaid for my trouble.

Among many pleasant incidents of the leap-year party, I observed a couple in mask who introduced themselves to the company as Mr. and Mrs. Leapyear. When asked their place of abode, the lady (Mrs. L.) replied that "they came out of the past century, and aware that they were out of date, she feared their presence was unduly and out of season, but, to prevent a mutual shock to either epoch, past or present, she deemed it advisable to don a mask and appear in disguise; and though she had been in the house only a short time, she was convinced of its appropriateness, as she was amazed at the rapid strides her own sex had made during the last century. At every turn she was introduced to ladies clad in complete attire, sporting high heels and monstrosities and wearing No. 8 boots." When urged to press forward in the crowd and be presented to the host and hostess, with a politeness belonging to the past, this couple declined to disturb the enjoyment of the dancers and contented themselves with an exchange of gracious smiles and bows vouchsafed them by Mrs. H. through the vestibule of the past.

They were surrounded by a group of girls and boys, who rather curiously and unceremoniously tampered with the old ladies' head-dresses, and endeavored to peep behind her mask, which she with dignity eluded. Nervously striving to maintain her incognito inviolable, she hurried her escort through the crowd and we saw them no more that night.

R. V.

Let's Be Honest.

Our Country—Dresden, Tenn.

We do not in this article propose to go into the history of the creation of our State debt, it is sufficient to say that the bonds were issued by the authority of the people of Tennessee, expressed through their chosen representatives, those same representatives provided courts of justice, in which the State might be sued. Our legislators have since repeated the law, and provided a forum into which our creditors could go and seek redress for the wrongs they claim have been done to them by the State.

There is a large number of the most intelligent men in the State who insist that these bonds are a legal and binding obligation upon the people of Tennessee. There is also a large class of our citizens who insist that these bonds were issued and sold in violation of law, and that they are under no moral or legal obligation to pay the same, while others insist that these bonds are legal and binding upon the people of Tennessee.

This question is not and should not be made the basis for a party dispute. It is a question which our people feel more interested in than the question of the election of a President. It is a question which our people feel more interested in than the question of the election of a President.

In view of these facts we would suggest that the Democratic party agree upon some terms of compromise upon which every Democrat in the State can unite, and would suggest as a basis for this compromise that the next Democratic party declare in favor of submitting the question of the debt to the people of Tennessee for their decision.

There are just one financial measure that ought to be pushed through Congress, without delay. The trade dollars should be made redeemable in lawful money, and as fast as they come in for redemption, sent to the mint to be re-minted into standard dollars. Such a measure would benefit all interests. Trade circles would be relieved of all nuisance, and the extra weight of the trade dollars would make their coinage valuable.

The Mobile (Ala.) Register reckons that \$20,000,000 will be made this year by Southern planters by the rise in crops over what they expected to get for them, and it argues that part of this be put into the establishment of manufacturing in the South, especially for those spinning yarn from seed cotton.

The Western Iron Association has advanced the card rate on bar iron from 3 to 3 1/2 cents.

The celebration of the centennial of the battle of King's Mountain, which will take place on the 7th of October, is an interesting affair. Forty companies of the North Carolina State Guards will be present. All of the Southern military companies will reduce their rates for this occasion, that old citizens of the Carolinas who have emigrated to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas may be induced to attend. An American flag twenty by thirty-six feet in size will be unfurled from the top of the mountain.

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"OLD UNCLE NED."

A Veteran of Two Wars and Many Marriages.

Who in Bowling Green does not know old Uncle Ned, the typical old-time servant; the respectful, obedient, darky, who still calls all his white folks "Mars" and "Misses," and "Misses" one of the few remaining specimens of the loyal slave who believed his own "white folks" the best people in the world, and all "poor white trash" beneath a negro's office, old Uncle Ned, the one original Democrat of a person count who had rather vote for Jeff Davis than for Grant, and "don't want nuffin to do wid dem Yankees no how"—who here doesn't know him?

He stuck his hatless and almost hairless head into our office yesterday and enquired "for dat nigger Mars' Webb Wright promise to buy wood wid?" and the interviewer dragged him in as Poe says the stories got into Charles O. Malley—"by the ears."

"Where did you come from, Uncle Ned?"

"I wuz born in Ada' county, I dunno how many years ago. I taken it dat it wuz after de Mexican War, I wuz in dat vid my young Mars' George Alfred Caldwell, de smartest of all dem boys, like Mars' Junius and Mars' Billy, s'poses dey smart men, but Mars' George Alfred wuz de flower udder flock. De Mexicans ticked us at Bunker Vialer afore Mars' Junius got dar but we settled dat 'count wid 'em. One time wuz in a battle on de Rye Grawnd. Dat old gray-head nigger wuz seed out dar by de Yankees, and he wuz in de battle on de Rye Grawnd. Mars' Junius wuz killed."

"Wuz Uncle Ned, where was it?"

"Mars' Lon, you 'ludes to?"

"Yes."

"Mars' Lon wuz a missionary to Goshally and he wuz in de war sorter like a charge-o'-dairs. Mars' Lon, tuck sick and died an' dey tuck 'im to Frankford and buried 'im. I reckon he wuz de best lawyer, de greatest man in de world. If he'd a-lived de Yankees wouldn't a whipped us."

"Uncle Ned, you were in the last war?"

"I wuz, Mars' Lon. Two o' my young Marses wuz wid Buckner, and two wuz wid Grant on de under side. I went wid Gen. Buckner."

"I knowed Gen. Buckner 'fore de war. Dey capt'ured us at Fote Donaldson."

"Where were you and Gen. Buckner, Ned, when the fighting was going on at Fort Donaldson?"

"We wuz up on de hill behind a foddler stack."

"But became of you after the surrender?"

"I jess went to my two young Marses who wuz wid Grant. Dar wuz a big man in Grant's army name Mars' Gen. King—an' he tuck my fine watch an' dey dun me so mean, stickin' pistols under my nose, Mars' Junius wuz de lawyer, de greatest man in de world. If he'd a-lived de Yankees wouldn't a whipped us."

"You always vote with the Democrats, don't you?"

"I nebb'er voted no udder way. De niggers heud choked me for it wuz, and I nebb'er dey would a killed me de young white gentlemen hadn't driv 'em off."

"How many times have you been married?"

"Believe it's eight times, Mars' Lon."

"How many children, Ned?"

"Lord, I dunno Mars' Lon. I seed some 'em around heah las' coday."

"Would you marry again, Ned, if your wife were to die?"